TWO AND A PLUM TREE

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They had been standing beneath the plum tree when they quarreled, or, rather, when they parted.

They had set out for the plum tree with the full intention of gathering the great purple damsons which weighted its branches, but when finally they stood in the long shadow which the tree made in the afternoon sun damsons were the last things in the world of which they thought.

Betty, scarlet to the roots of her copper colored hair, withdrew all censorship from her tongue and said things which she would have indignantly disclaimed had any one repeated them to her an hour later. Jerrold listened silently, but in his eyes was a strange look which she had never seen before. When in the midst of the tirade she paused for breath, he had turned suddenly on his heel, and with a curt "goodby" cast over his shoulder—much as a bone would be thrown to a stray dog, Betty thought—he had vaulted the low fence and gone wrathfully across the pasture.

Betty watched him until a clump of scrub oak hid him from view. Then she sat down with her back against the trunk of the plum tree and thought it all over. As she thought angry tears came to her eyes, coursed down her cheeks and splashed impudently on the hands clasped tightly in her lap. She sat there until the shadow of the tree had reached the fence, and the breeze coming in from the water made her shiver. She rose and turned her face toward the scrub oaks behind which he had disappeared.

"You left rather abruptly, Mr. Jerrold Neil," she said between her white teeth, "and you may stay away as long as you please. You're hardly worth crying over," she added as she brushed away her tears.

Neil next morning sat on the veranda of the casino, solemnly rolling and smoking innumerable cigarettes, which utterly failed to bring him the peace of mind he sought. Catboats with trim white sails were darting to and fro in the bay, and each one suggested the joys of a morning sail with Betty. But the memory of the parting at the plum tree was still strong within him.

A wretched hour dragged past, and he gave up his vain attempts to interest himself in the columns of the morning paper. He flung away his cigarette and, getting to his feet, strolled down the gravel path.

"I'm a fool," he mused, "and a brute. I needn't have left her in that fashion. By George! I'll go over to the plum tree and get some of those damsons. I'll send 'em up to her by Tom. She'll understand."

Mr. Jerrold Neil strode across the fields whistling a gay aria. He emerged from the clump of scrub oak in the pasture and made straight for the plum tree. As he spied the tree one note of the aria was prolonged into a whistle of surprise. Against the base of the tree was a stepladder, and among the branches he caught a momentary flash of white muslin. Then he resumed the aria, quite as if this delightful bit of information had not been vouchsafed to him.

He took down the stepladder, folded it up and calmly sat down on it. Something suspiciously like a gasp of dismay came from the branches above his head, but to this he gave no heed. With his chin in his palm he sat on the stepladder and sighed ponderously before he began to muse aloud.

"'Tis strange," said Mr. Jerrold Neil beneath the plum tree—"'tis passing strange how the human heart will always seek the scenes of its affliction. It was here we quarreled"—another sigh. "She said—O Lord, what didn't she say? If I'm all she made me out she's well done with me"—sighs ad libitum.

He drew out a pipe and filled and lighted it. By vigorous puffing he managed to send quite a respectable cloud of smoke up among the branches. A little choking cough rewarded his efforts, and it was with difficulty that he restrained a chuckle. Presently a wee, small voice crept down from the branches:

"Mr. Neil!"

Neil started violently.

"Ah," he said, "my trouble has brought on hallucinations! Methought I heard my own name. 'Twas Betty's voice, but far too small and weak."

"Mr. Neil!" This time the voice was loud and clear.

"There it goes again!" cried Neil. "Surely Betty's, yet she always called me Jerry, with such a pretty accent."

"Jerry, you—you wretch!" came the voice, accented to the queen's taste.

"Oho!" said Neil. "So it's really you, eh?"

"Yes—no. Don't look up. Jerry, please put the ladder against the tree, then walk across the pasture, and don't look back."

"Don't look up, don't look back," said he mockingly. "Suppose I comply. What do I get for it?"

"What do you want, you haggler?"

"A half hour's talk under the tree."

"You—you've got me cornered," she said. "I'll have to capitulate."

A few minutes later Betty sat on the stepladder, and Neil sprawled comfortably at her feet.

"Bet," he said, "I spent the most miserable morning of my life until I came over here. Tell me, when I came along were you thinking of me, or what?"

She laughed.

"I was wishing I might fall out of the plum tree and break my neck," she said.

"Madam," he said gravely, "since you are so reckless with your own life you'd better give it into my keeping."

And once more the damsons were forgotten. BARRY PRESTON.

HOW TURKS MAKE COFFEE.

It Isn't Easy, but the Product Is Delightful in Its Flavor.

To make the perfect cup of Turkish coffee is, like many other things, very easy when the maker knows how to do it, but unless the art has been learned in Turkey it is difficult.

No one can make a perfect cup of coffee unless he has been to Turkey. There is as much difference between the ordinary cup of coffee and the exquisite and alluring beverage with all its subtle aroma as made by the artist as there is between horseflesh and the best English beef. The Turks' method is simple. They have many little pots of various sizes. If they want to make two cups only they use the smaller one, and if three cups a larger one. When the water has boiled they fill the little pot almost to the top with water, then put in three lumps of sugar and put the pot on the fire to boil. When it is hot they put in two teaspoonfuls of coffee ground very fine and then stir it round until it is thoroughly mixed with the water.

The next step is to place the pot on the fire again and watch it very carefully until the coffee bubbles up to a froth, and before this froth escapes over the side you take the pot from the fire and tap the bottom gently on the stove till the froth goes down. Once again the coffee is allowed to bubble over the fire, and the process of tapping the pot on the stove is repeated three times.

When the froth rises to the surface for the fourth time the pot should be taken from the fire and the coffee should be poured first into one cup and then into another, so that each cup contains a portion of the froth on the top.

The Englishman cannot make coffee at all. He tries hard, but never succeeds either in making a perfect cup of Turkish or French coffee. The Frenchman, on the other hand, also tries hard to make a perfect cup of Turkish coffee, but he meets with little more success than the Englishman.

One thing must never be forgotten—the coffee must be freshly roasted and ground. It must not be roasted too black. A dark brown is the ideal color. Then the flavor is divine.—Boston Globe.

POISON OF THE RATTLER.

Not Nearly as Dangerous as It Is Popularly Supposed to Be.

"There is a good deal more fright about the bite of a rattlesnake than there is actual danger," said a well known physician recently. "I do not mean to say that the bite of a rattler is not a very serious thing, but I do mean to say that this particular sort of snake is really not so ready or apt to 'get in his bite' as some others.

"In the first place, there is the now generally credited fact that the rattler is the most honest of snakes. He doesn't 'pick a fight.' He doesn't lay in wait for any one. He won't run away, of course, for he is a plucky reptile, but he will curl up and give you a fair warning from those rattles of his before he attempts to strike. I remember once in the west finding a rattler just ahead of my horse's fore feet. I had no weapon of any sort, so I rode on, passing within a few inches of the reptile. The snake was curled and ready for my horse in case the animal side stepped, but as we did nothing of that sort we were allowed to pass in peace.

"Again, the truth is that the poison of the rattler does not get into the wound inflicted by the fangs in the average human being. For the average human being nowadays is clothed, and the holes in the fangs through which the poison comes are rather far up toward the roof of the mouth. Consequently very often the point of the fangs may enter the skin, while the poison dribbles out harmlessly enough upon the trousers or the boot. It is then that the 'victim' gets scared, fills up on whisky—a bad thing in bona fide cases of rattlesnake bite—and believes himself marvelously cured when he wakes up next day."—Philadelphia Press.

APHORISMS.

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a-gallop.—Button.

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue.—Emerson.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—Disraeli.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—Seiden.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years.—R. B. Sheridan.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy.—Walton.

When a man assumes a public trust he should consider himself as public property.—Thomas Jefferson.

Everybody likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice—the first time just a chink at the tip, in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unchanged until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

"A man dat walks right up to de job of reformin' de whole world," said Uncle Eben, "very often balks at so simple a matter as breakin' hisself of chewin' tobacco."—Washington Star.

Experienced.

"How is the new girl going to do?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"She hasn't had much experience," said his wife, "but I think she will be all right when she gets broken in."

Then came a loud sound of falling crockery from the kitchen.

"She seems to be making a good start, anyhow," observed Mr. Ferguson encouragingly.—Chicago Tribune.

INDIAN STRATEGY

[Original.]

More than half a century ago a company of United States cavalry stationed at Fort ——, in what is now Arizona, had a pet bear they called Uncas. Uncas was as tractable as a Newfoundland dog, moving freely about the post, usually spending his time either begging the cook for something to eat or sleeping in the sunshine in winter and the shade in summer. One day Uncas strayed away from the post and did not return.

Then came news that the neighboring Indians had left their reservations, and Uncas was forgotten in the prevailing excitement. In those days many of the forts in the wild west were little better than blockhouses, and Fort —— was one of this kind. As soon as the Indians were known to have broken loose, the gates were kept closed and the usual precautions in time of hostilities were observed.

One day an order came for the command to march against the Indians. The garrison, including the families of the officers, was left in charge of a sergeant and eight men. Sergeant Winter was one of those better born and educated young men who in those days rarely entered the ranks of the army. As soon as the command left he shut the gates of the fort and directed them to be kept shut.

The second night after their departure a sentinel was shot. No one heard a report, but this was not considered remarkable, for but one sentry was on post and he could not see for a great distance, first, because all the trees near by had been felled and, second, because the moon was approaching the full in a clear sky.

Sergeant Winter kept the soldier's death from the women, for it indicated that Indians were planning an attack, and he did not wish to create an alarm. The next night he watched with the sentry, who was relieved every two hours. Winter toward morning went into quarters for a few minutes to get a cup of coffee, and when he returned the sentry was lying on his back with a bullet in his brain.

Winter resolved to sit up and watch the next night himself. He slept several hours during the day, directing the men to make a sentry of straw and clothe it in uniform. At 10 o'clock, while the moon was obscured by a cloud, the dummy sentinel was set up. Then the sergeant posted a real sentinel in concealment, and after arranging a signal for his admission he crawled out some distance from the fort and took position behind a stump. He chose a point before the gate because there was evidence that the sentries had been shot from that direction.

Winter waited till after midnight without experiencing anything unusual. Then he saw something approaching. When it came near enough for him to see it plainly, he discovered that it was a bear. It was waddling along, occasionally pausing to nibble, but gradually working nearer. The beast passed within a hundred feet of the sergeant, who then recognized the garrison's pet, Uncas. He watched it silently, not daring to make a sound for fear of a hidden enemy, and saw it draw closer to the fort than he was himself.

Winter made up his mind that the wily Indians had sent Uncas in, expecting the garrison to open the gates for him and they would be ready to make a rush at the same time. Doubtless at that very moment they were lying in concealment near by. Worst of all, he feared that those in the fort, seeing their old friend Uncas coming, would not deny him entrance. What should he do?

While he was deliberating Uncas sat up on his hind legs, bear fashion, and the sergeant caught sight of a black line about a yard long extending from the bear's nose toward the fort. Suddenly a bit of flame shot out from the farther end of the black line, and a moment later came a crack. The dummy sentinel on the fort toppled over.

Winter changed his surmises. The Indians had doubtless killed Uncas and were using his skin for a cover under which to pick off the garrison one by one till all were killed. Cautiously the sergeant stole forward toward the disguised savage, the latter meanwhile waddling on toward the fort. Then Winter espied off to his left, but nearer the fort than he, an Indian crawl up from behind the bank of a creek. Then came another and another till Winter counted twenty savages.

It now flashed through the sergeant's brain that the Indians had killed the sentinel this time with a view to surprising the garrison before they were aware that the only man on guard was dead. Winter's blood ran cold. The garrison would be murdered while he, their commander, was outside and unable to help them. There was but one hope. By firing on the Indians they might think there was a force without on which they had not counted, but in doing so he would give away his presence and would probably be taken and tortured to death.

Winter resolved to take his chances on the first of these two suppositions. Raising his rifle, he took a sure aim, with a rest on the stump, and fired at the pretended bear. It sprang up with a yell and fell in a heap. Winter waited, expecting to hear from the Indians, but, whether they did not catch the direction from which his shot was fired and supposed that it came from the fort or whether they feared a concealed force without, no sign of an Indian was seen again. At daylight Winter got up and walked to the fort. On his way he found a dead Indian in Uncas' skin.

Before sunset the command returned, and before three months had passed Winter was a commissioned officer.

MARK C. BENTLEY.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The Original Version Dates From the Time of Oliver Cromwell.

The lively strains of "Yankee Doodle" are heard at every patriotic celebration, says a writer in Collier's Weekly, yet perhaps few of those whose pulses stir at the sound of the familiar notes are aware that it dates from the time of Oliver Cromwell and crossed the seas with the Puritans.

"Nankee Doodle" was one of the nicknames bestowed by the Cavaliers on the hated Roundhead, and a verse written upon Cromwell's entry into Oxford, riding on a small horse with a plume twisted into a sort of knot called a "macaroni," runs as follows:

Nankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony,
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni.

The transition from Nankee to Yankee—which came from Yengee, the Indian word for English—was very easy, and the Royalists used it as a jeer at all New Englanders.

When the Colonials in Boston, preparing for the coming war, smuggled muskets into the country, concealing them in loads of manure, the Tories sang to the old tune of "Lucy Fisher:"

Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.

When the British forces marched to the battles of Concord and Lexington their approach was heralded by "God Save the King," but when the "Yankee farmers" saw the foe in full retreat the strains of "Yankee Doodle" accompanied their flight, and from that hour, wherever the stars and stripes have floated, the once despised tune has been heard.

Galileo's Wit.

Galileo's wit, according to a biography, got him into trouble when he put into the mouth of Simplicio, the foolish opponent of the Copernican theory in his "Dialogues," an argument that Pope Urban VIII. had himself devised and insisted on Galileo incorporating in the work. Galileo made Simplicio quote it as an argument he had from a "very eminent and learned personage." The enemies of Galileo persuaded Urban that he had been "made game of," and this was the offense of which Galileo was guilty. It was not for upholding the theory that the sun stands still and the earth moves that Galileo was tried by the inquisition. Urban himself had supported the Copernican doctrines both as cardinal and as pope.

TIME TO HEDGE.

Bookmaker Wouldn't Lend Money, but Gave Good Advice.

Several turfmen were discussing the sharp methods of a certain bookmaker who adds to his income by money lending. He was conceded to be a hard man to deal with.

"But I'll bet $500 that I can borrow $1,000 from him on my personal recognizance," said one.

"Done!" answered the crowd simultaneously, and as he could only stake one bet they pooled against him. Thinking he had a sure thing, he went off with an accompanying committee to see the money lender.

"Mr. Cash" (that wasn't his name), he said, "these gentlemen have bet me $500 that I cannot borrow $1,000 from you. I don't need the money, but you let me have it for a day, and I'll divide the bet with you."

The committee gasped, but the effect of the cool proposition was unlooked for. Instead of jumping at the chance Mr. Cash buttonholed his interlocutor and said:

"Did you make that bet?"

"I did."

"You bet $500 that you could borrow money from me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then," in a whisper, "go and hedge."—New York Press.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

"One of those things which go to show that where there is a will there is a way is well exemplified by a happening in a certain southern city," said a well known former railroad man. "A man before his marriage had purchased a beautifully located lot in the city cemetery and paid $100 for it. After awhile he married and some ten or twelve years afterward died and was buried in the aforesaid beautifully located lot, and his grave was carefully tended for awhile by his widow. When the big fair came off in Chicago and all the world was en route to that Mecca the widow took a notion she must see that show. As a result of a long cogitation over ways and means she had the body of her deceased husband exhumed and railroaded fifty miles away and reburied at a cost of about $75, when she sold the cemetery lot for $600 and had a good old time at the big world's fair. Somewhat of a financier, wasn't she?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Study Them; Don't Kill!

If, instead of shooting the birds, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience it would seem. Through what mysterious coverts of the woodland, into what a haunted underworld of tunneled banks and hidden ditches and secret passages the snake would show us the way, and we should have strange hearts if, as we thus watched it through its mysterious day, we did not find our dislike of the clever little creature dying away and even changing into a deep tenderness toward the small, self reliant life, so lonely a speck of existence in so vast a world.—Success.

Malayan Tree Dwellers.

The Sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack, made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan.

These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

A SPANISH PIRATE

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One afternoon in the year 1805, as the Jane Snow of Newburyport, bound for the West Indies, had righted Porto Rico, a pirate brig appeared to windward. She had been so often described that there was no mistaking her. She was a Spanish craft familiarly known as the Black Devil.

Josiah Marsh was skipper of the Snow, and his crew numbered twelve men. As he had no guns aboard and as the craft was a slow sailer he ordered out the longboat, and everybody got into her, and the Snow was abandoned. The pirates chased the longboat for a couple of hours, but as the wind was light they could not come up with her.

Then they returned to pick up the Snow. She was loaded with staves and lumber, and there was little or nothing aboard of her the fellows could make use of. They dared not set fire to her, and the holes bored in her bottom only waterlogged her. A cat and a parrot were left aboard, and in revenge the pirates tortured the cat to death and hung the parrot to one of the beams of the cabin.

As the longboat, with Josiah Marsh and his crew aboard, ran down through the Mona passage they met the British frigate Courier and gave her the news. They had left the pirate craft forty miles behind them, but the Englishman was prompt to go in search. The Americans asked that they might be taken aboard and serve until the Black Devil was destroyed, and their request was complied with.

In a spirit of bravado the pirate captain had entered her capture on the log and had added that he should cruise for a week between Porto Rico and Barbados. Accident had changed his plans, however. As his craft lay alongside the Snow their rigging became entangled, and the Black Devil had her fore topmast sprung. She came to anchor under the lee of one of the Virgin islands to repair damages and had just got all autanto when the Courier hove in sight.

The Englishman knew that he must disguise his ship if he wished to get near the Spaniard. As he took up the pursuit he began to overhaul his top hamper, and after a few hours the smart frigate looked as slovenly as any merchantman afloat. The pirate let herself be overhauled to within a mile before she flew the black flag, and as the emblem floated to the masthead she fired the first gun. She mounted twelve guns and had a crew of 118 men. The frigate mounted twenty-four guns and a crew of 140.

It was not many minutes before the pirate found that he had been tricked. He would then have got away, but the breeze fell, and he was under the guns of the Courier. The only thing to the credit of the Black Devil was the fight she made against superior force. Capture meant the halter, and for four long hours the pirates stood up to their work. At the end of that time they had lost eighty men, half their guns were dismounted, and the brig had been hulled so often that there was five feet of water in her hold. She was still fighting when the frigate ran her aboard and poured fifty men on her decks. In ten minutes they had possession.

Little of value was found aboard the brig, as she had just returned to her cruising ground, but many of the articles removed are to be found in the British museum today. She was regularly fitted out with a stock of implements of torture. Between decks there was a large caldron set in brickwork and close by a stock of seven barrels of oil. She had thumbscrews by the dozen, spiked boots, the racks and benches used in the inquisition, and indeed nothing was lacking in the torture line.

Only twenty-eight men of the pirate's crew lived to be taken prisoners. Among them was her fourth or fifth captain, whose name was Alvarez. He was a man of thirty, and a greater fiend never lived. He was the last man to give in and was so severely wounded that for some days it was a question whether he would live or die.

The brig was so badly knocked about that she foundered, and the frigate landed the pirates in Jamaica for trial. They were a swaggering, boasting, defiant lot. Not one of them would turn king's evidence, nor did any fear death.

In cold blood, and knowing they would be used against them, the captain, mate and several of the crew made statements which held them up as veritable devils. The captain had only engaged in two captures, and both vessels were English. One had a crew of fifteen and the other of eighteen men. He boasted that every man had been tortured to death and that some of them had lived six hours after their torture commenced. He said that with his own hand he had cut off the ears, toes and fingers of a merchant captain and then spiked him down on his own deck with no less than fourteen ship nails.

The mate had been with the brig from the outset of her career. It took him two days to make his "confession." All the implements of torture were in his charge, and he was the one who directed their application. He said he had been the death of 160 English, French and American sailors, and there was sufficient corroborative evidence to prove that he was not boasting.

The trial of the pirates lasted about two weeks, and they were given two more in which to prepare for death. Not one of them weakened in the slightest, and they sang songs and joked with each other as they went to the gallows. M. QUAD.

Encouragement.

Pupil (after repeated attempts)—Oh, I'm sure I never shall be able to!

Professor—Oh, yes, you will. I was just as big a donkey myself at first.—Punch.